

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 5, 1893.

No. 20.

## Castles in Spain.

How often in youth do our thoughts go maying,  
In the realms of fancy plucking flowers!  
In the realms of fancy blithely straying,  
With the fairy Hope around us playing,  
We gather blossoms to deck our bowers.

There is naught too bright in the meadows growing,  
On hill or in dale there is naught too fair;  
We imprison the sunshine around us glowing,  
We capture the warm wind softly blowing,  
To our Castle in Spain we then repair.

Our Castle in Spain is filled with treasure,  
Both honor and fame obey our call.  
Our days and nights are dreams of pleasure,  
Of endless joy and bliss without measure,  
O'er our happy lives no shadows fall.

Are they wise, these dreams that fill the pages  
Which we write in the lovely Maytime of youth?  
Or should we not rather obey those sages  
Who bid us restrain our thoughts in cages,—  
In iron cages of fact and truth?

Are they wise? Ah, no! they are vain and fleeting;  
They are phantom barks from a phantom shore;  
They bear to Youth Hope's gladdest greeting,  
And when Age smiles with scorn at the joyous meeting,  
They vanish in mist for evermore.

Yet no one regrets the hours that, dreaming,  
He spent with Hope in Fancy's domain;  
Too short was his joy, till the day of redeeming  
The wasted moments of life, came beaming  
Through every nook in his Castle of Spain.

K.

## True Drama.

BY HUGH O'DONNELL, '94.

Literature is the personal expression of man's thought, temperament and affections as influenced by society. It expresses feeling, appeals to our common humanity, and interprets the fainter emotions of nature. Man, as we now find him, is restless, ill-satisfied with himself, and always looking above and beyond, dreaming of ideal worlds and situations,—in which he loves to forget the thorny paths and stony roads through which he moves in everyday life. The drama—which is a great part of literature, and may be briefly stated as an interesting event represented by action and dialogue,—partially satisfies this craving of man's nature. It leads him into the regions of the sublime, the beautiful and the marvellous, wherein he contemplates the ideal order of things.

The importance of the drama is admitted by every right-thinking man; and why? Because it pertains to happiness, moral culture and honest entertainment. All civilized nations have contributed to it more or less; but we will confine ourselves to the English Drama, since it possesses a theatrical literature more original, and reflects the moral, social and intellectual features of the people more faithfully than the dramas of any other language.

The dawn of the English Drama began shortly after the Norman Conquest in England, and has a purely *religious* origin—the first productions being written and acted by monks. The cathedral, for the time, was the theatre and the stage, a graduated platform in three divisions, representing heaven, earth and hell.

We can see that these early English dramas were of a religious nature from their very names, as "St. Catherine," "The Fall of Man," and the "Blessed Sacrament."

The drama has two forms: comedy and tragedy. The former, which is a satirical exhibition of the improprieties and follies of mankind, is an institution both moral and useful, its object being to polish the manners of men and render vice ridiculous. Tragedy is a more noble and refined kind of dramatic composition in which is most reflected the greatness, worth and dignity of the drama. It is the exhibition of the characters of men under the most trying and critical situations, and, being a high and distinguished kind of composition, it is in its general strain and spirit favorable to virtue. With Shakspeare it may be called the Theatre of Passion, in which we see the direful effects which ambition, jealousy, love and resentment, left unrestrained, produce upon the human life; how justice triumphs over injustice, right over wrong, virtue over vice.

How pleasant it is to sit before the glittering foot-lights and behold, as it were, the very form and features of past ages. We find ourselves in the presence of crowned heads, in regal state, surrounded by gallant courtiers, brave warriors and fair ladies of the court. We hear the solemn words and secret counsels of the mighty, and witness the midnight meetings of their enemies. Characters appear whose very presence elicit our deepest admiration; whose

"Charms strike the sight and merits win the soul;"

whilst others, who appear and speak and act in their loathsomeness, make us yield involuntarily to expressions of disgust, hatred and scorn.

In the tragedies of Shakspeare we see not only history immortalized, but we see human nature portrayed such as it is since Adam sinned. Through the work of Shakspeare the drama became the stage of life, and through the power of his genius all of his characters are disposed in a manner faithful and true to nature. Whether it be the depraved professional villain, hardened in crime and steeped in every manner of vice, or the innocent, confiding child, ignorant of all the wickedness of the world; the just judge, or the avaricious criminal begging for mercy at his feet; the king, rolling in his riches, or the wandering beggar in the streets,—on all of them, and on all their traits, we see well fixed the stamp of nature—Shakspeare's seal. Nature was his teacher; he was her favorite child. She spoke to him, and he told us what

she said. But how did he choose to tell us? Except through the drama he never could have told us as he did; nor could he have gained audience with the great world more than Plato, Aristotle and other great men have who speak but to the few through the voiceless speech of books.

The perusal and careful study of volumes pertaining to virtue and vice can never affect the human mind and heart as do any of Shakspeare's tragedies, in all of which we see vice continually warring against virtue, but *never* escaping the strong right arm of Justice before whose feet we rejoice to see it lie prostrate. Behold Richard, the Duke of Gloster, the manifold demon and personification of vice! How intensely we follow him through his career of crime, shuddering and recoiling at the very sight of him, much more at his deeds! Mark him as he stabs King Henry in the tower-scene. He is duke, but aspires to the crown, and would challenge hell to reach the throne. To him King Henry says:

"Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,  
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world;  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou cam'st—"

GLO.: "I'll hear no more. Die, prophet, in thy speech;  
For this amongst the rest was I ordained.

What! Will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!  
O may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.  
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of—

— which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog;  
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it!"

Such horrible words! What ghastly deeds! How we rejoice when beneath the sword of the noble Earl of Richmond we behold the lifeless corpse of this vile Richard, Vice itself!

Who has ever heard or witnessed the rendition of "Hamlet" and has not felt the most profound pity for his misfortunes, shared in his every throb of revengeful anger, brooded with him in his sadness, and plotted with him in his determination for revenge? Who has ever seen "Macbeth" played by such men as Booth or Barrett and has not felt for months, aye, for years afterward, that Banquo's ghost was dogging his very footsteps, and has not shuddered with inward fear and horror at the mere recollection of that sublimest scene of all tragedy,

where Lady Macbeth strives in vain to cleanse her hands stained with the blood of her victims? What workings of the inward passions we behold! what brutality of nature! what remorse of conscience!

In "Julius Cæsar" we have a most striking example of the immediate influence exercised by the drama over vast assemblies. It is when Mark Antony delivers the funeral oration over Cæsar's dead body, still bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the daggers of his assassins. The words of cunning Brutus are still fresh in our minds. He tells us that he killed Cæsar, not because he loved him less "but Rome more." He would have us know that the world is blessed with Cæsar dead because "he was ambitious." We are about to join the fickle populace, proclaim him "an honorable man," and applaud him for his deed, when the noble Antony appears upon the scene. He speaks, and when he does we yield to the magic spell of his eloquence in which we behold the natural outburst of an honest soul. He laments over Rome's benefactor dead; he tells us that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones"; that "when the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept"; and "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." And, holding up Cæsar's blood-stained mantle to the gaze of the multitude, he says:

"You all know this mantle! I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on.  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:  
Judge, oh, you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all.

O now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors!"

"Oh, piteous spectacle! oh, noble Cæsar! traitor! villains!" the citizens cry; and we, too, living, as it were, in the days of Cæsar, raise our voices against the perpetrators of the deed and "pity Cæsar's wounds."

We are often exhorted from the pulpit to practise the virtue of humility, to make it the foundation of our lives, lest we become the erring victims of proud ambition which has

hurled so many famous personages from the dizzy heights of fame to the lowest depths of obscurity and disgrace. But never do we better appreciate or realize the truth of these sacred words of the Psalmist, "The mighty shall be humbled, and the humbled exalted," than when Wolsey, in "Henry VIII.," breaks forth in the resistless eloquence of his woe, laments his fall from his high office, and, turning to Cromwell, says:

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?

—Be just and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

—Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Farewell,  
The hopes of the court! my hopes in heaven do dwell!"

Who, indeed, can fail to see the greatness of an art, or institution, which, night after night, presents to vast assemblies, aroused to the highest pitch of interest and enthusiasm, such grand and life-like scenes, in which appear such noble characters, whose words of lofty sentiment ring in the ear, enter the mind and heart, and penetrate to the deepest recesses of the soul? Surely an art which thus elevates, purifies and refines, is a great power of civilization, and possesses a mission born of heaven; for art, we know, is the expression of ideal beauty; it is "the resplendence of mind in matter," and looks beyond, through nature, up to God. And the modern drama, being an art based upon views of human life, distinctively Christian in the fulfilling of its mission, appeals from earth to heaven, and plainly tells us,

"There's a Divinity which shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

#### The Telescope.

The art of glass making would appear not to have been discovered and practised by different nations independently, but to have gradually spread from a common centre. At the time of the discovery of the American continent no trace of it was to be found among the inhabitants, though considerable progress had been made in the other arts by some of its peoples, notably the Peruvians and Mexicans.

The credit of the invention was given by the ancients to the Phoenicians; Pliny relates that a number of their merchants, stranded on the shores of the Belus, prepared their repasts by resting their cooking pots on blocks of natron. The alkali, subjected to the heat of the coals, united with the sands of the shore, and formed a transparent liquid, now known as glass.

The adoption of glass, as a substance capable of being made subservient to the use of mankind may therefore be due to the intelligence of some one who witnessed its fortuitous production. Phoenicians undoubtedly practised the art from a very early period, and to a large extent.

The Egyptians, in their turn, became expert in the manufacture of this article; in fact, so great was their knowledge of the art that the Romans, once masters of Egypt, exacted from them as an annual revenue a certain number of pieces of glass-ware.

The Greeks do not appear to have cultivated the art of glass-making at a very early period; but it was probably made in many places on the shores of the Mediterranean for many years before the Christian Era.

During the first century, the art was developed in Rome, and other cities under Roman rule, in a most remarkable manner; and it reached a point of excellence which in some respects has never been excelled, or even, perhaps, equalled.

The industry rapidly spread throughout Europe; England, France and Germany became particularly noted for their glass-works; improvements were being continually made, and each succeeding century was marked by some progress in the beauty and purity of the material and in the organization and working of factories.

It was not, however, till the beginning of the seventeenth century that glass was made use of in the construction of optical instruments. The telescope was probably the first of these instruments to demand any attention, and the credit of its discovery has been a fruitful subject of discussion.

From existing evidence it seems obvious that Roger Bacon had tolerably clear ideas as to the practical possibility of constructing telescopes. The discovery of the instrument was certainly made in Holland about 1608; but the credit of the original invention has been claimed on behalf of three or more individuals, prominent among whom was Lippersbey, a spectacle maker of Middleburg.

According to one version, the discovery was the result of a happy chance. The children of Lippersbey, playing one day in their father's

store, happened to handle two lenses, one concave the other convex, in such a manner that the clock of the town, quite a distance from the spot was seen quite easily; their father's attention having been called to the fact he made several experiments, finally placing the lenses one on either end of a long, narrow tube. With this instrument he was able to distinguish objects from quite a distance.

Marius, a German astronomer, appears to have made astronomical observations in 1609, with a telescope he procured from Holland, and from the manuscript of Harriot, the mathematician, it was found that he made observation with a Dutch instrument during the same year.

Galileo himself says that from what he had heard of these instruments he was led to construct one of his own; this far excelled in power any that had previously been made.

Kepler first explained the theory and some of the practical advantages of a telescope constructed of two convex lenses. The first powerful telescope of this kind was that made by Huggins, with which he discovered Titan, the brightest of Saturn's satellites. From 1653 to 1684 several telescopes of this kind were made, ranging from thirty-five to six hundred feet focal length.

In 1666 Newton discovered the refrangibility of light, and soon after constructed the first reflecting telescope. Another of a different form was made by Cassigran in 1672.

The sequence of events now brings us to the the achromatic telescope. Hall, of England, first succeeded in making an achromatic refracting telescope. Knowing that rays of light are so refracted by the different humors of the eye as to produce an image on the retina free from color, he argued that it might be possible to produce a like result by combining lenses composed of different refracting media. After considerable study on the subject he found that chromatic aberration could be corrected by making the object-glass of two or more lenses of different kinds of glass. He did not publish his discovery, and soon afterward Dollond made a similar instrument, thus disputing with Hall the honor of the invention.

The refracting telescopes were first invented, and are much more used, but the largest instruments ever made are reflectors. In both the fundamental principle is the same: the large lens, or mirror, forms at the focus a real image of the object, and this image is then examined by the eye piece, which in principle is only a magnifying glass.

As to the relative advantages of refractors and reflectors, we may say of the former that they are superior in transmitting light, give better definition, and are more permanent, while the reflectors are easy of construction and consequently cheaper, and give perfect achromatic effects. Lord Rosse's great reflector of sixty feet tube and six foot speculum is a notable example of the latter.

Of the reflectors none can compare in size or power with that of the Lick Observatory. In 1875 Mr. James Lick surprised the world by appointing a board of trustees, to whom he conveyed his entire fortune, estimated at some \$4,000,000, to be devoted to various public charities. A great telescope was the chief thing he desired; the smallest he would consider was one of forty-inch aperture. An agent was appointed to gather all possible information from European astronomers, opticians and mechanics, as Mr. Lick desired his telescope to be made by the most competent persons, no matter in what part of the world they might happen to live.

The difficulty of obtaining the rough glass disks was as great as that of making the lenses. At the time of Mr. Lick's bequest, the largest existing refractor was one of twenty-six inch aperture in the Naval Observatory, and it was seriously doubted if it were practically possible to make a glass of the size he desired.

At last a flint glass disk was successfully cast in Paris in 1882, of thirty-six inch clear aperture, but it lay long untouched awaiting its counterpart, the crown disk; the difficulty in casting a crown disk of so great a size was extraordinary; but after twenty failures a glass of the needed perfection was secured.

It was not, however, till December, 1886, that the long-anticipated thirty-six inch lenses, having been duly ground and polished, were deposited safely in the vaults of the Lick Observatory.

The telescope was mounted in 1887; it rests on a cast-iron rectangular column, twenty-eight feet high, seventeen by ten at the base, and eight by four at the top; the polar and declination axes are of steel, and ten feet in length. The focal length of the telescope is fifty-six feet two inches, and the tube forty-two inches in diameter. It is suspended from its centre, the point of suspension being thirty-seven feet from the floor. The lens alone costs forty-two thousand dollars.

It is said that two hundred and fifty nights in the year are clear enough for good astronomical work at the Observatory. Being thus located

where the sky is cloudless much of the year, and at such an elevation (over four thousand feet above the level of the sea) as to be above the clouds a great part of the time, and in a region where the steadiness of the atmosphere permits exact astronomical measurements, the Observatory, with its greatest telescope, is destined to soon become the finest institution of its kind in the world.

C. J. G.

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#### The Chicago Drainage Channel.

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During the Glacial Period the natural features of the continents in the higher latitudes underwent great changes. Immense masses of ice covered the northern part of this hemisphere, and were slowly moving southward. These glaciers, many of which rose to a height of over two thousand feet, travelled with a force that was irresistible; and hills and rocks that stood in their path were brushed aside; valleys were formed and elevations and ridges arose along their sides.

The course of one of these glaciers was over the region where Lake Michigan now is; and there the soft soil was excavated to a great depth. At about the place where Chicago now stands, the moving mass was turned from its course, and it passed southwestward towards the Mississippi. It was during this period that the system of the Mississippi received its present development. As the climate became warmer, the waters from the melting ice rushed onward through the valleys, and rivers and lakes were formed. The original outlet of Lake Michigan was through the Chicago river, the valleys of the Des Plaines and Mississippi to the Gulf. As the waters receded from the continent the lake dwindled in size; and its waters, with those of the other great lakes, found an outlet through the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic. The Chicago river became a mere creek; a watershed arose between it and the Des Plaines, and its course was turned towards the lake.

Near the southern end of Lake Michigan, at the place where the great glacier turned westward from its course, a great city is now situated. A half century ago Chicago was but a village; to-day it is the second largest city in the United States. The number of its early settlers still living testifies to the city's marvellous growth. In keeping with the rapid development of the city, great improvements have been made: the river was enlarged and is now spanned by half a hundred bridges. A tunnel



extends two miles out into the lake to a structure known as the crib, from which the city's water supply is drawn, and a second tunnel was soon put in operation to meet other necessities. The metropolis of the West, otherwise one of the healthiest of large cities, is cursed with its sewerage. The sewers empty into the Chicago river, and on account of the changes which have been made in that stream, its waters are at times carried far out into the lake and pollute the water supply. In order to understand the necessity of the drainage channel which is now about to be constructed, it is necessary to know what has been done for the sewerage system in the past.

The beginning of the trouble which Chicago had with its sewerage may be traced back to the construction of the Ogden Ditch, which was dug from the bend in the Des Plaines river near Summit to the west fork of the south branch of the Chicago river, in order to drain the lands in that vicinity which were flooded by the spring overflows of the Des Plaines. When the ditch was put in operation, some years ago, the flood waters of the Des Plaines rushed through the Chicago river and swept the sewerage far out into the lake to the very source of the city's water supply. At such times an observer standing on the shore can trace the muddy waters from the river extending out into the lake; and the water drawn from the hydrants in dwellings is dark with the germs of disease. The result was a great increase in the death rate of the city.

It was next attempted to find relief by forcing the waters of the Chicago river through the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which was constructed by the State for the purpose of navigation. The canal begins at the conjunction of the west and south forks of the south branch of the river, and at this place the Bridgeport pumping works were erected. The water from the river is pumped into the canal, and its return is prevented by means of a lock in the main channel. The course of the canal is nearly west to Summit, where it turns southwest through the valley Des Plaines, paralleling that river, and afterwards the Illinois to La Salle, where its waters are turned into the latter river. The canal is a narrow affair, and its current is sluggish, and on this account the efforts to relieve the sewerage-laden river by these means were of little avail. The sewerage has but little chance of being oxidized on its way through the canal, and it has become a nuisance to the towns along its route and marred the beauty of the Des Plaines valley forever. At times in

the year the Bridgeport pumping-works afford some relief to the city; but during the spring months the Ogden ditch gives the same trouble as when first constructed, and the waters of the canal are so high that the sewerage flows back into the river as fast as it is pumped out.

The Chicago water-way laws, which were passed in 1889, were designed to afford the city the desired relief from its sewerage, all other efforts to attain that end having failed. These laws provide for the construction of a channel from the Chicago river to the Illinois, capable of carrying at least three hundred thousand cubic feet of water past any given point with a velocity of three miles per hour. In other words, it is proposed to restore nature's original design for Lake Michigan's outlet. The channel must be at least one hundred and sixty feet wide and fourteen feet deep, and may be used for navigation after its construction if the board of drainage trustees so decide. Through the rocky stratum, between Lemont and Lockport, known as the Chicago Divide, the channel must be eighteen feet in depth.

A plan for the improvement of the Illinois river, and making it a fit arterial connection of the Mississippi has been before the public mind for some time. To carry this out would necessitate an increased flow of water, and this would have to be obtained from Lake Michigan. The Government engineers are at present considering the advisability of a channel connecting the Illinois with Lake Michigan, to provide for the passage of gunboats from the Mississippi river to the Great Lakes. A water-way of the dimensions of that proposed for the drainage of Chicago would easily accommodate Mississippi river steamboats; and there is a provision for future enlargement which would make it possible for United States gunboats and ocean steamers to reach Chicago from the West.

The work done by the Drainage Board since its organization has been mainly in the discussion of the various routes proposed for the channel. It is estimated that the cost of construction from Chicago to Joliet, a distance of forty miles; will be over twenty million dollars. On account of the magnitude of the work it was thought advisable to go over the ground thoroughly in order to ascertain the route which would best answer the purposes and require the least outlay. The engineering department has carefully surveyed the land, ascertained the natural features of the surface, and determined the nature of the soil and sub soil throughout the district.

Of the routes proposed the one which seems

to be the most generally approved by engineers begins at the end of the west arm of the South fork of the river, runs directly westward to the old canal, crosses it at Corwith, and then follows the Ogden Ditch to Summit. Here the proposed line turns southwest and follows the general direction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal to Joliet. The portion of this route between Chicago and Summit was practically decided upon by the trustees in 1891, but has since been brought up for reconsideration. From Summit to within a few miles of Joliet the Des Plaines river winds along almost parallel to the canal, and at places approaches within five hundred feet of it. As the proposed line lies between the river and the canal it will be necessary to cross some of the bends of the Des Plaines and follow its course part of the way to Willow Springs. The law requires that should the Drainage Board decide to use Des Plaines river at any place the channel must be carried down the slope at Lockport to Lake Joliet.

A short distance below Willow Springs the outcrop of rock, known as the Chicago Divide, begins, and extends almost to Joliet, a distance of twenty miles. The Chicago Divide has troubled the engineers since the channel was first proposed, and in order to carry out the plans for the drainage of the city it will be necessary to go to the great expense of cutting through the rocky stratum to Lockport. To carry the water down the slope from Lockport to Joliet, a distance of five miles, it will be necessary to place a movable dam at the upper end to regulate the amount of water flowing in the channel above, and to guard against damage to the country below from overflows during the flood season. The location of the portion of route below Willow Springs has been decided upon by the Drainage Board, and the work of construction is soon to begin.

The reports of Messrs. Artingstall, Benezette, Williams and L. E. Cooley upon the proposed channel contain a record of the great study and research that has been brought to bear upon the problem. In no other place has the question of sanitary drainage been so thoroughly discussed, except, perhaps, at London, which city has had very nearly the same trouble with its sewerage. It has been proven that with a sufficient amount of pure water to flush it, ordinary sewerage is rapidly oxidized and loses its offensive properties. It is expected that about four years will be occupied in the construction of the drainage channel. When this is put in operation it will be of incalculable benefit not only to Chicago

but to the property along its course by draining the lands which are at present flooded by the overflows of the Des Plaines river. The construction of the channel will be one of the greatest engineering feats of the age, and will, without doubt, give Chicago her proper place in the front rank of the great cities of the world.

O. W. S.

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#### The Lyric Stage.

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Should the Queen of the Muses remain to be chosen by the popular voice of mortals, there is little doubt that the Goddess of Music would be enthroned high above all others.

Of the different agents by which pleasurable emotions are awakened, none have such despotic power over the human heart as music. It is not an art by which only the well-bred and highly educated may profit; for everyone of God's creatures, unless he be wholly bad, has or will at some time be swayed by the power of this subtle magician. A man of refined and artistic nature may derive the most sublime pleasure from music; moreover, it may bring forth a talent for the appreciation of the most delicate and beautiful shades of art, which otherwise would remain to him a sealed book.

Music is a physician as well as a magician: it prescribes a medicine for the heart,—a medicine infinitely more powerful than any other. For the sad and weary at heart, it is a balm in Gilead, a gentle comforter, which rarely fails to bring peace to the sufferer. For the man of business, who is burdened with many cares, it is a soother more effective than any tonic; and for the pleasure-seeking, it is indispensable.

In the words of an old Chinese saying, "Music has the power to make Heaven descend upon earth;" and if a people who are regarded as hardly civilized so highly appreciated music, how much more should we love and reverence it as a divine gift to man; as a message from heaven, which reveals to us a glimpse of new and untold delights, bringing forth all the lofty and noble qualities of the mind!

As a rule, the pleasure one receives from music is not accompanied with visible excitement. There are, however, many exceptions, as in the case of Cherubini, a noted musician, who was skeptical of the emotional influences of music. On first hearing one of Haydn's symphonies, he sat entranced during its performance, and when the orchestra ceased he burst into tears. Another instance is that of a young Frenchman who blew out his brains after hear-

ing a beautiful opera, explaining in a letter that after such happiness he did not wish to remain in this prosaic world. Happily, music does not have such a tragic effect upon all lovers of art, otherwise the population of the globe would be materially decreased.

Dr. Johnson once said: "Music is the only sensuous pleasure without vice;" and it is certainly true that music is capable of exciting such powerful emotions as to produce a mental intoxication more delightful than the rose-colored dreams of the opium smoker.

Again, nothing so quickly affects the minds and hearts of the multitude as music. Soldiers marching to battle are cheered and emboldened by the inspiring sounds of martial music, while a fierce mob of maddened creatures, thirsting for the blood of helpless victims, has been calmed and humanized by the strains of peaceful, God-given music.

The moral effect of music is too well known to need any comment; for no one will deny that where the love of music has obtained a foothold, cruelty and vice must be strangers.

In no form is such variety and perfection found as in the opera. Since the composition of the first opera, many changes of form and even of sentiment have been passed through, until at the present day it would seem that the highest perfection was embodied in the many beautiful operas which are known to us. As a matter of course, in opera, as in all that is human, tastes differ widely. Those who belong to the German school unite in declaring the beautiful harmonies of Wagner's operas as unrivalled; some prefer the melodiousness of the Italian Opera, while still others are attracted by the vivacity of the French school. But no matter what may be its form or style, the same exquisite pleasure is given to all who love opera, the most glorious achievement of genius. The artists who interpret the composer's works should be almost as highly appreciated; for they, also, must possess some spark of genius, and not a little talent, to put intelligently before us the composer's thoughts.

Many years of hard and persevering study must be passed through to fit a singer for the lyric stage, and few persons listening to a production of Grand Opera realize the discouraging obstacles which must be overcome before an artistic education is completed.

During the past few years managers have often claimed that the scarcity of great singers has greatly retarded the progress of operatic music. In consequence of this those artists who have become famous command almost

fabulous salaries, and music lovers outside of the great cities are reduced to the necessity of incurring great expense, or of being denied the pleasure of hearing good opera. If the Government should foster and support institutions for the production of opera in this country, as is the case in France and other European states, we might hope to accomplish great results, and rival the highest productions in older countries.

J. A. MARMON, '95.

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### Three Franciscan Poets.

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BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

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### III.—LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

"The prodigy of nature; the portent of the world; the light of his country; the oracle of language; the darling of fortune; the phoenix of ages." Such are some of the extravagant epithets bestowed by his contemporaries upon this famous Franciscan Friar. His name during his lifetime passed into a proverbial expression for whatever was grand or beautiful; a fair day was a Lope day; a handsome woman was a Lope woman.

Lope de Vega was born at Madrid in the year 1562. A genius from his earliest years, at the age of five he read both Latin and Spanish, and dictated verses before he could write. Left early fatherless and poor, yet his education was not neglected; he was placed in the Imperial College of Madrid, where he made great progress in his studies. While scarcely more than a lad we find him serving as a soldier in Terceira, and a little later he is in the service of the Bishop of Avila. Next he is at the University of Alcalá, whence again he returned to Madrid. About this time he married Isabella de Urbina, daughter of the king-at-arms to Philip II. and Philip III.; a few years later he lost his wife and again took up arms. He tells us that in 1588 (he was then twenty-six years old) he shouldered his musket, marched to Lisbon, and embarked on the great *Armada* for England. On his return to Spain after the defeat of this expedition, he served as secretary successively to several noblemen, and married a second wife, Doña Juana de Guardio.

All these adventures had brought Lope only to his thirty-fifth year. And now sorrows fell fast upon him; his wife and young son died; another son, a young soldier, was lost at sea; his beloved daughter, Marcela, sixteen years of age, entered a cloister. Lope sought in religion



solace in his misfortunes and companionship in his loneliness, entered the Order of St. Francis, and in 1609 was ordained priest. It was after he became a Franciscan that he produced those works which have made his name immortal.

In 1614 he was appointed judge at a poetical festival held at Madrid in honor of the beatification of Saint Teresa; soon after he published the "Corona Tragica," an epic on Mary Stuart, which he dedicated to the Pope, Urban VIII. The Pope created him doctor of divinity; he was decorated with the cross of the Order of St. John, and made Fiscál of the Apostolic Chamber and Notary of the Roman Archives. He died in 1635.

The poetry of Lope de Vega is mostly dramatic (his plays are said to have numbered over two thousand), but every species of poetry he poured forth with inexhaustible profusion and variety.

Those of his poems which are the expression of his own sentiments display the coloring these had received from the vicissitudes of his life; his lyrics, and meditations, and soliloquies, are as far removed from the joyous enthusiasm of Saint Francis as from the majestic sublimity of Celano. A tender sentiment, a gentle sadness pervade them; a sense of the nothingness of the evanescent joys and griefs of time, a longing for peace, for repose in the eternity of Divine love.

## SONNET.

How has my heart, even from life's earliest day,  
Chased the wild pleasures that allure me yet—  
Caught by false hopes in folly's fatal net,  
Pursuing phantoms swift to speed away!

O idle longings of the hours that were!  
O time misspent earth's fragile goods to gain!  
O soul in vain o'erwearied, as in vain  
It built hope's palaces of empty air!

How shall a transient joy suffice for me—  
I, born to glow with love's eternal fires—  
I, born the heir of an eternity?

God of my soul and lord of my desires!  
Rest shall I find not till I rest in Thee—  
Thou source of life, to whom all life aspires!

## SONNET.

Since the dark form of death looms up before me,  
And fills my soul with sorrow and dismay,  
Why cling I still to joys that pass away?  
Why do earth's pomps still cast their glamour o'er me?

What is't I seek—for what still yearn and sigh?  
If life on earth be only strife and pain,  
Why still embrace with an affection vain  
This robe of dust, so soon to be cast by?

Yes; soon our earthly dwelling-place we leave,  
Yet in adorning it no wealth we spare.  
O folly! chasing phantoms that deceive!

O mortal life! thy magic arts forbear;  
Brief is thy power to gladden or to grieve.  
The little *here* is ours; the boundless *there*.

## College Gossip.

—"Mental arithmetic" in East Indian schools is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of the United States. The Oriental mind is fertile in the invention of catch questions, and the multiplication table is swelled into a mountain of difficulty by native teachers. Tiny half-naked brown creatures of ten years and under are taught to carry the multiplication table up to forty times forty, and to complicate matters by the introduction of fractional parts.

—A novel plan for providing intelligent guides for visitors to the great Exposition has been projected. It originated with William Kent, who approached President Harper of the University of Chicago with the proposition that the university open a special school next summer for students of all universities and colleges, in which they are to be instructed by university professors concerning the buildings and exhibits at Jackson Park, so that they would become really skilled guides for visitors.

—The financial value of technical training in the United States is illustrated by the fact that engineer officers of the navy frequently resign their commissions to accept profitable employment with large manufacturing concerns. A man armed with the training and technical education of a naval engineer can command in civil life a salary from two to five times as great as his pay in the navy. Engineers must serve for the greater part of their lives at less than \$5,000 a year, and the number to pass \$6,000 must be exceedingly small. The plums that await such men in civil life are of a sort to prove a serious temptation to all who feel the necessity of a large income, and it is only the ease and dignity of a naval life that keep skilled engineers in the service.—*N. Y. Sun*.

## Something New.

We have heard of all sorts of catalogues; but a Poetical Catalogue is something entirely new. In reading *Vick's Floral Guide* for 1893, on every page one comes across happy and appropriate questions from prominent authors. Whether it takes the mind off from the work of making out a list of flowers and vegetables, or makes the *Guide* more fascinating, will have to be decided, after a trial, by the publishers, James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y. Another novel feature is the family of Pansy Sailors who appear on the cover and through the book. It contains five colored plates, hundreds of illustrations and lists, with descriptions of everything required in the garden. This work is really given free, as the 10 cents asked for it may be deducted from the first order sent the house.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 4, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Monday next, the 6th inst., will mark for Very Rev. Father General Sorin—the venerable Founder of Notre Dame—the beginning of the eightieth year of his age. How many and heartfelt are the wishes and prayers that Heaven may grant the happy completion of a new decade of years in a life so noble and devoted! Father General, we are glad to say, continues to improve in health, and all at Notre Dame fondly cherish the hope that many another year may be given him to preside over the destinies of *Alma Mater*, and direct his spiritual children throughout the world.

—Since Tennyson's death much has been written about him both in America and England. But of all the superabundance of matter that has appeared in print, Dr. M. F. Egan's contribution to the November number of the *Catholic World* has been pronounced by the *Review of Reviews* as the ablest criticism of Tennyson's life and works yet offered to the public. The poet's death was also the occasion of innumer-

able verses by young and old. Nearly every one who wrote poetry of any description tried his hand at a death dirge. And it only goes to show what poor verses they are able to write. Half a dozen of England's most famous poet's published verses that one, literally, had to wade through to find how prosaic they were. The only one which was at all worth reading was written by Mr. Watson of whom the world, and even Mr. Gladstone himself, who was interested in the laureateship, knew very, very little.

James G. Blaine.

The sad news of the death of JAMES G. BBAINÉ had been expected for some time and the public had been prepared to receive it. But when it came party lines were thrown aside and all Americans joined in the mourning. Not since the death of Garfield has the land been covered with such a veil of sorrow. Death could not have robbed us of a more talented statesman, for he had no equal, and his demise leaves us without a successor to him. His life had been devoted almost entirely to the problem of government. Since the breaking out of the Civil War he has been one of the most conspicuous figures in our history; and has exerted a greater influence in forming the policy of the United States than any other individual of his time. Though his early years were devoted to journalism, yet at the time of the Nation's struggle he took a seat in the lower house of Congress, and began one of the most brilliant careers that genius can inspire.

All the requisites of a great statesman were combined in him. As a debater he was supreme on account of his persuasive delivery, logical arguments, sound judgment and above all his literary attainments. The halls of both houses of Congress still ring with his eloquence, and his speeches will be numbered among the greatest efforts in our political history. Blaine was a thinker, and an original one. Through his efforts our present system of reciprocity was brought into vogue, and the nation now sees the foresight and prudence he used in formulating it. As a diplomat he stood without reproach. His wonderful talents in this line were displayed in Behring Sea controversy and the Chillian affair. What might have terminated in bloody war was settled by his untiring efforts. Since the time he arranged the diffi-

culties existing between the United States and Italy, on account of the New Orleans' butchery, he has been considered our greatest statesman.

Blaine stood second to none in statecraft except Gladstone. His talents surpassed those of Henry Clay, and it will be incumbent upon the historian to place him first in the annals of American politics. D.

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Foreign Immigration.

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Foreign immigration is a subject that requires the immediate attention of the United States. It is the most important, and by far the most difficult problem of the day. It is a question which involves principles that are the very foundation of every great and free nation, and principles upon which depend America's welfare and prosperity.

In the early years of the Republic foreign immigration without any restriction of law was an absolute necessity for the development and advancement of the country's resources. It is patent to all that America would not be what it is to-day had not the European nations forced their industrious, oppressed and down-trodden peoples to seek shelter and homes under the banner of liberty. These they found, and, in building homes for themselves, they laid at the same time the foundation of a government now foremost among the nations.

The foreigner, accustomed to hardships and reared in the harness of manual labor from childhood, felled the mighty forests of America. By his industry and perseverance blooming fields appeared throughout the land. In his search for wealth the far West was settled, and the hidden riches of that wonderful country opened to man. In a word, by his never-ending labors, the United States was settled, its lands cultivated, its riches mined, its industries developed, its commerce established.

Such results could never have been achieved had the foreigner remained at home. Foreign immigration was an absolute necessity under the conditions of the country in former years. Each and every individual then profited by the foreigner.

But is such the case to-day? Is immigration still an advantage to the United States? Will the foreigner aid America in the future as he has supported her in the past? These are questions now agitating the public mind, and questions that command immediate attention. The contrast between the great business open-

ings, so characteristic of the United States ten, twenty, thirty years ago, and the over-crowded, struggling commercial world of to-day, with its decreased labor demands, tell us plainly that we have at last reached a time when the question involves the interest and welfare of the nation.

In view of these facts, as they appear to the average American citizen, it is evident that unless the Government takes immediate steps to relieve the situation, fatal consequences are certain to follow. Just what measures are necessary can only be determined after a careful study of the question. Difficulties and obstacles beset the path of the economist in this as in all other questions of public interest. There are many who, in the words of a prominent statesman of our day,

"Will cry out against any measure for the good of the country which may seem to interfere with the temporary and fictitious prosperity of places which have no real and healthy foundation on which to rest. And, moreover, a great many honest people will feel reluctant to admit the proposition that we should refuse to give asylum to any one. To the last all that can be said is that the highest duty of a nation is self-preservation. We must try our best to see that this country prospers, and we have no business to wrong the children and grandchildren of the Americans of the present day for the sake of a petty theory."

As loyal citizens of a free land, officers of a free Government and servants of a free people, the legislative bodies of the United States, are in duty bound to give the subject grave consideration, and immediate, just legislation. Upon the issue rests America's future.

F. CARNEY.

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A Communication.

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KIND READER:

Never let the spirit of adventure possess thy soul. Would that some sage had said those words to me but a month ago, and my friend, the "Observer," and your humble servant would still be among the race of men.

Together, we read the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC, and its tales mysterious urged us on to seek chivalric fame. One moonlit night, when the winds blew hard, we launched our air-ship, and soon were carried far above the home of man. The hours passed, and as the ship ascended, the rareness of the air made us drowsy, and we slept. How long, I know not; but when I awoke I found our boat anchored to the Tower of Observation. Here at last, thought I, would our hopes of adventure be gratified; but the place was deserted. The "Observer" wished to leave, and when he would

have done so, I cut the anchor and our only hope of rescue, the air-ship drifted away. Irreparable act of mine that brought upon me my present woful state! The "Observer" spent the passing days in the Tower casement, gazing down upon the world below; and when he thought of the "pointers" he might have given and the jokes he might have sprung, for spring was coming on, his gentle spirit was depressed, and a languor came upon him, weakening his heroic soul; when, as the temperature fell to twenty-seven, there came so loud a roaring of the wind that every rock within the Tower shook. He arose, spread his arms abroad, crying with a loud voice: "An air-ship! I am saved!" and then fell back and spake no more. So passed his soul away, and when the boat arrived I consigned his body and this letter to the pilot. When it reaches man let him read; for I have taken upon me the duties of the "Observer." I am fully equipped; a telescope and search light are good aids.

\* \* \*

Truly, this world is not wanting in a supply of cranks. To come nearer, the little College world can boast a goodly number of the same *genus* animal. How these people exist as long as they do is a mystery to the intelligence of the age. We have asylums for the insane, homes for the inebriates, and refuges for the helpless. Why have we not an isolated "Utopia" for the complaining crank? Each short day of twenty-four meagre hours means a period of misery and grumbling to the pessimist. If the sun shines, he is looking for rain. If it is cloudy, he wilts. And then there is his neighbor who beams on everyone with a good-natured smile.

"Oh," Mr. Crank will say, "that fellow is a hypocrite. He can afford to be pleasant. He works a 'stand in.' I, though unjustly treated, wish to depend on my own merits."

He takes refuge in his pride, and he has a nice quantity of it, to be sure. Salute him in the morning, and he meets you with an enticing frown. For emphasis he may growl. He is a very liberal fellow—to himself—and very attentive—to his own comforts. Selfish fellow, for all cranks are such. They go through life great, big rain clouds blotting out the sunbeams of happiness. We pity them; they do not deserve our dislike. They die, and we say rather doubtfully: "Rest in peace!" Can they find peace in the next world? Let us hope so.

\* \* \*

It has always been a wonder to me from the first winter that I spent at Notre Dame to the

present time, that so little interest is taken in winter sports. We have magnificent facilities for them. Look at those two beautiful lakes with their broad surfaces frozen into glassy mirrors, and yet no one has proposed a skating race. Nowadays, when skating contests are all the rage, when records are made only to be broken, our boys are content to go on the ice, skate aimlessly about for a time, and so pass the many recreations. During the last few days the Brownson contingent have revived the interesting game of polo, thanks to the efforts of B. Hilarion. But why not have something else besides? If the ice lasts we should have races, and an exhibition of fancy skating would make an appreciable feature of the sports. Shuffle boards is a game much played at the rink in Central Park, N. Y. Why not introduce it here? The game is easily learned and still more easily played. Now, work the matter up, boys. We have field-sports with their representative days. Let us have winter sports with their exhibition day also.

\* \* \*

It may be that the Man in the Tower seems extremely critical when he complains of modern hand-shaking; but it is, nevertheless, undeniable that almost anyone would be provoked if he had to submit to such an ordeal of hand-conventionalities as the Man in the Tower when he ascended the throne of his able predecessor, the "Observer."

There is character expressed in the simple shaking of hands. You know the open-hearted man by the warmth of his grasp; but beware of the diplomat who is not generous enough to offer you his whole hand, and is satisfied with giving you two or three of his bony fingers that make one feel as if he were shaking the handle of a coffin.

THE MAN IN THE TOWER.

—•••—  
Exchanges.

We throw our doors wide open to our young neighbor, the *University of Chicago Weekly*. The new athenæum has grown up like—well, like everything else in Chicago, so rapidly and so well as to give all men pause at the thought of it. To us personally it seems that our vicinal metropolis will find her crowning glory, not in a World's Fair, mammoth industries and extensive lake trade—all very good things in their way,—but in a great university, a school of *savants*, who will make of State and Madison

Streets veritable "groves of Academe," and people Washington and Jackson Parks with "fauns and nymphs and dryads fair" to the utter exclusion of those shades of departed pork, which envious New Yorkers are wont to see in every nook of the "Queen of the Lakes."

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Aluminum, from which so much is hoped for since its cheap manufacture has become an assured fact, is made the subject of an exhaustive and highly interesting article by Captain Hunt, in the *Polytechnic*, of Troy, N. Y. The Captain adduces such a formidable array of flattering possibilities as to leave no doubt that aluminum is, indeed, the metal of the future.

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Perhaps none of our exchanges is so bright and so uniformly meritorious as our sister journal, *St. Mary's Chimes*. Its poets have a touch that we do not find elsewhere; and the rare good taste evinced in the bestowal of titles bespeaks the editorial instinct in very large measure.

\*\*\*

Dear us! what's going to happen? The blessed *Annex* appears this month without a single anti-Catholic article! Can it be that the management of the *Annex* contemplate the issue henceforth of a clean, fair-minded sheet?

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There is an exquisite bit of verse in the *University of Virginia Magazine* entitled "Theocritus." There is another bit of verse bearing the legend "To Katherine." If any young fellow were to write such stuff to a Western girl he would be cast off forever.

\*\*\*

A half column of "Selections from Maurice Francis Egan" grace the pages of the *Young Eagle*.

\*\*\*

The *High School Bulletin* of Lawrence, Mass., begs to be criticised with a view to its improvement. It would probably receive such attention gratuitously were any provocation offered by the bright little journal. Let the *Bulletin* go on its way rejoicing in the consciousness that it is already very far superior to many of the more pretentious "magazines" from American "universities."

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Madison University is to engage Ann Arbor in a public debate soon. We trust they may both win.

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The *College Review* announces, exultantly,

that it has been "severely censured" by Catholic journals for printing certain attacks upon our Church. There must be some mistake here, for we have never seen the *Review's* name mentioned in our exchanges. The Catholic journals have wisely refrained from noticing these articles; they will not injure the *Review's* editors and compositors—and nobody else reads them.

#### Local Items.

- Skating!
- Take care to fall.
- Put up your dukes!
- Carve that possum!
- Mike wants his keys.
- Astronomy on the ice.
- 'Rah for the new team!
- Now for the home stretch!
- Have you two tens for a five?
- The Maverick now goes up stairs.
- Have you had your skates on yet?
- It involves a question of canon law.
- Rain spoiled the skating for a while.
- "Jud," the skater, is the same as *dead*.
- "Say, what hour do you take *music* (?)?"
- It is King and Queen Isabella, so Richard says.
- The blonde says he is not a walking post-office.
- Brownson Hall is now open to *students* at 1 p. m.
- Do you believe in the transmigration of the soul?
- Students are requested not to fall on the side-walks.
- The five o'clock concerts are now postponed until 7 p. m.
- Have you joined Dick's corresponding bureau yet?
- All eyes were fixed upon the steps; but the fall was graceful.
- Look out for another concert by the Harmony Club soon!
- The Law class is flourishing. Three new arrivals this week.
- Fatty was on time Wednesday morning for the first time this session.
- Chas. Ross wants to know where money is first mentioned in the Bible.
- The question of the house in one of the Latin classes is "What is that, Professor?"
- Sir John in the *rôle* of the dude Saturday evening created a sensation and excited much merriment.
- J. F. Kennedy, of Jacksonville, Ill., and F.



Duffield, of Lima, Ohio, are the latest additions to the Law class.

—The Band is greatly indebted to Prof. Liscombe for favors received in connection with their recent entertainment.

—The noted traveller and naturalist, Prof. Henry Ward, of Rochester, N. Y., was a most welcome visitor a few days ago.

—"Spike" is busily engaged in writing a comedy in three acts, entitled "Fun and Fire," which he expects to produce soon.

—Teams will be organized for the Brownson hand-ball association next week. All those who wish to join are requested to hand in their names this week.

—The ground-hog did not see his shadow on the 2d. As to the consequence, whether fatal or otherwise, our weather-prophet is as yet unprepared to depose.

—Jos. Cumiskey returned from New York city Wednesday, and was warmly greeted by his many friends in Brownson Hall. He was accompanied from Jackson, Mich., by Will Rice.

—Mr. J. M. Chanute, of Chicago, the distinguished author and engineer, visited Notre Dame during the week to witness some of the recent meteorological experiments devised by Prof. A. F. Zahm.

—The game of hand-ball between Tim Smith and Joseph Feeney in the Brownson gym Sunday resulted in a victory for Feeney, much to the chagrin of Tim, who claimed that a mistake was made in the score.

—The many friends of Rev. Richard Maher, C. S. C., will regret to learn that he is lying dangerously ill, and but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. Our charitable readers will kindly remember him in their prayers.

—Thursday was Bro. Hilarion's birthday, and he was presented with a box of fine cigars by the students of Brownson Hall Thursday evening. Mr. McGarry made a neat presentation speech, to which Bro. Hilarion responded very appropriately.

—It is proposed to have the members of the 'Varsity eleven kept in training, and try to have a return game with Hillsdale this spring. We hope the game can be had and played here, as there seems to be no valid reason why football would not be a good spring game.

—The St. Edward's library in the palace is a thing of beauty, and is constantly increasing its collection of choice literature. The librarian gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a number of elegant volumes—the gifts of Rev. Fathers Granger L'Etourneau, Regan and others.

—Prof. Liscombe formed an orchestra this week that promises to be a factor in our musical circles hereafter. It is composed of Messrs. Hartnett and Barton, mandolins; Chidester and Corry, guitars; Vignos and Steinhaus, violins; Schmidt, flute, and Chassaing, double bass.

—Preparations are being made for the success-

ful rendition of the play "William Tell," to be given on Washington's Birthday, February 22. Quite a number of the prominent actors of the University will take part. Under the efficient direction of Prof. Clarke the play will certainly be a success.

—Prof. A. F. Zahm, '83, for a number of years connected with the Faculty of the University, left on Friday evening to take a position in Johns Hopkins' college. He carries with him to his new sphere of action the best wishes of his numerous friends.

—A very exciting game of hand-ball between Messrs. Kearns, Flannigan and Jewett, and Messrs. Funke, Wellington and O'Neill occurred in the Brownson gym Thursday afternoon. The game resulted in favor of the latter team by a score of 55 to 41. Another series of games is to be inaugurated Sunday morning.

—Charles T. Cavanagh, Class of '91, has presented Professor Edwards with a life-size bust of the great poet and noble patriot John Boyle O'Reilly. The bust is from the atelier of the famous Boston sculptor Bochman and is pronounced by Doctor Jeffrey Roach to be the best likeness yet made of the lamented poet. The bust will be unveiled during the coming week with appropriate ceremonies.

—It will be painful news to all at Notre Dame who know the Rev. Father Saulnier, C. S. C., to hear that he was sand-bagged and badly hurt by two ruffians in New Orleans one evening last week. However, we are glad to say his injuries are not of a serious nature, and he will soon be himself again. His place, as Rector of Sacred Heart Church, was taken on Sunday last by Rev. President Walsh who is now sojourning in New Orleans.

—The many admirers of the Drama "Hermigild, or the Two Crowns," which ran through several numbers of the SCHOLASTIC a few weeks ago, will be much pleased to learn that it is about to appear in book form. It is now in press and will shortly be issued from the *Ave Maria* office. As our readers are aware, the play is the work of the Rev. John Oechtering, of Fort Wayne, and shows the powers of his gifted mind. It will be found to merit the first place among existing college plays.

—Hon. Henry Watterson, the distinguished Editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, will deliver his famous lecture on "Money and Morals" in Washington Hall next Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. From all accounts the lecture is one of the most entertaining and instructive ever delivered before the public. Mr. Watterson's masterly oration at the dedication of the World's Fair buildings was prepared on short notice, but revealed the gifted mind in its depth of thought, and the natural-born orator in its eloquent delivery. He always commands large audiences wherever he speaks.

—BAND CONCERT:—Thursday afternoon the University Band, under the leadership of Rev. M.

Mohun, C.S.C., gave their first concert this year in Washington Hall. The band at present numbers twenty-two pieces, and has an extensive repertoire. The playing of the individual members at the concert was faultless, and they deserve great credit for their work. The singing of Messrs. Chassaing, Coolidge, Marmon and Hennessy in "The Knight's Farewell" received merited applause. The cornet by Messrs. Chassaing and Coolidge was rendered in a very clear tone, and showed that the young gentlemen were master of the cornet. The song "A Fresh'ning Breeze," by F. Hennessy, was delivered by him in his matchless baritone voice, and was received with deafening applause; whilst the brass quartette, composed of Messrs. Bolton, Kegler, Coolidge and Chassaing played "The Bugle Horn" in a peerless manner. On the whole, the concert was one of the best musical treats heard here in years, and we hope to have another from them soon. The programme was as follows:

March—"The Eclipse".....J. O. Hume  
Overture—"Mignonette".....Beyer  
Quartette (vocal), "The Knight's Farewell," E. Chassaing,  
F. Marmon, A. Coolidge, F. Hennessy.  
Polka—"Alliance" (Cornet duet).....Cogwell  
E. Chassaing, A. Coolidge.  
Song—"A Fresh'ning Breeze".....F. Hennessy  
Quartette (Brass), "The Bugle Horn".....White  
F. Bolton, W. Kegler, A. Coolidge, E. Chassaing.  
Waltz—"Life is a Dream".....Zikoff  
"The Darkies' Delight".....Cope

—MOOT COURT:—The first session of the United States District Court was held in the law room Wednesday with Col. Hoynes presiding as District Judge. The case before it was that of Richard B. Sampson *vs.* Philip Bacon Armour. It was an action on the case with damages set at \$25,000. The facts in the case were as follows: Sampson was employed as engineer on the steamer *Columbia* plying between Chicago and Michigan City. On the 6th of September, 1892, the *Columbia* left for Chicago, bearing a heavy miscellaneous cargo and many passengers. The captain, mate and pilot left their posts when the steamer had got some ten or fifteen miles from land, to take refreshment in the captain's private cabin, and chatted there for an hour or so, where they heard the passengers scream, and, rushing out, discovered that the steamer *America*, owned by Armour, headed directly for them, and nothing could avert the collision, which occurred, the bow or prow of the *America* striking near the point where Sampson was at work and stove in the timbers, some of them coming in contact with his right leg and arm, injuring them so badly that amputation was necessary. The evidence showed that the collision was as much due to the negligence of the officers of the *America* as to those of the *Columbia*. The captain, pilot and look-out of the former were in the smoking-room when the collision occurred; but Sampson, the engineer, was in the engine room attending to his duty, and not in a position to see or know what was going on, and the question in the case

was: Could he recover, notwithstanding the concurring negligence of the two steamers and the carelessness of his fellow-servants? Judge Hoynes informed the members of the class that he would let the class vote on the question after the argument of the council on either side, after which he would decide the question according to the law. The vote of the class stood twenty-three in favor of the plaintiff and three against. The Judge then gave a brief outline of the laws governing the high seas, lakes and navigable rivers and the relative rights of boats in passing each other, after which he gave a history of the common law method of dealing with such cases, and brought it down to the present day, giving both those in favor and those opposed to suit. He brought forward the case of *Thorogood versus Bryan*, 8 Common Bench 115, which decided that a passenger in a public conveyance who has been injured by the negligent management of another conveyance cannot maintain an action against the owner of the latter, if the driver of the former, by the exercise of proper care and skill, might have avoided the accident which caused the injury. This decision was questioned in England and Scotland later on, and the United States Supreme Court dissented to it also, and gave a list of the State courts overruling it, as follows: 139 Pa. S., 363; 64 N. H., 361; 80 Me., 430; 75 Ia., 314; 66 Md., 149, and 43 Ohio, S. 91. He then gave the case covering the points in question as *Mills vs. Armstrong*, L. R. 13 Appeal Cases 1, which was decided in the English House of Lords Feb. 24, 1888, and decided that the plaintiff could recover, and awarded the damages at \$18,000, and ordered that execution issue for that amount. The proctors were P. Coady for plaintiff and P. Ragan for defendant.

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\* Omitted by mistake last week.

#### A Timely Hint.

Wise heads are beginning to caution the public against going to Chicago without previously making arrangements for accommodations.

"It will not be desirable," writes Prof. A. G. Lane, Superintendent of the Schools in Chicago and President of the National Education Association, "for anyone to come to Chicago without providing for entertainment in advance."

To guard people against falling into the hands of sharpers and extortioners, and being directed to questionable houses and localities, various Protective Bureaus have been established through whose agency the visitor, by

giving timely notice of his arrival, may secure accommodations, have a definitely localized place to report to when he does arrive, and to which, previous to his departure from home, he may direct family and friends to send his mail, telegrams, etc., and make all inquiries regarding him during his stay in the World's Fair City. But the brood of sharpers that inhabit the earth are certainly going to use just such identical means as the above to fleece the unwary.

Before joining any such bureau the sensible man or woman will first be sure that the bureau itself is really protective and honest; that it is all it claims to be, and is able to carry out the conditions of the contract into which it enters with each individual who pays for his or her enrollment. We have received a circular from an institution in this city wherein such a Protective Bureau is established. The location of this institution has become known throughout the country because it is the headquarters of the national Catholic educational exhibit.

The De La Salle Institute, Wabash Avenue and 35th Street, is an establishment in charge of the Christian Brothers who, to accommodate many Catholic societies, have determined to allow responsible and competent parties to transform their immense school-building into a temporary hostelry of unquestionable trustworthiness.

In connection with the hotel, a Protective Bureau has been established and properly chartered by the State of Illinois, thus becoming responsible as a corporation for the fulfilment of its contracts. We commend this bureau to our readers, and feel confident that it is all it claims to be. By the payment of \$1, any person may become a member and share in the advantages enumerated in the circular as follows:

(1) Prompt attention to all correspondence with bureau in reference to the World's Fair. (2) The free use of reading room. (3) To make your headquarters at the De La Salle Institute and have your mail directed there. (4) The bureau will interest itself in procuring such accommodations as its patrons may desire.

All things being considered, the management of the De La Salle Institute deserves a vote of thanks for their public-spiritedness.

To a stranger in a crowded city the above advantages are certainly worth more than the price asked. Our Catholic people who intend visiting the Fair cannot do better than make use of the privileges offered. On arriving in Chicago you will know where to go, and may rest easy as to your being in safe hands.

—The New World.